

PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

CHRISTMAS 1926



THE
CARMEL CYMBAL

CARMEL THE CYMBAL

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Manzanita Club Formally Opened

The formal opening of the new Manzanita Hall on Dolores Street took place on Thursday evening, December 16. After saving their appetites and their money for two days, the members gave themselves a banquet at which every one there was called upon to speak, and were heard from in one way or another. After the banquet they played cards and billiards and were entertained by Franklin Murphy at the piano. They also sang, not in unison as is usually the case, but each member rendered the song which he liked best and all sang at the same time. Of course, this did not lead to harmony, but the atmosphere of the Hall and all its members was more than harmonic. The party broke up at 11 o'clock.

An important business meeting is to be held at Manzanita Hall on the first Wednesday in January to elect officers for the coming year.

COUNTY GRAND JURY TO CONSIDER SALARY RAISES

The Monterey County Grand Jury will meet at Salinas Monday morning next, according to a call issued by William T. Kibbler, its chairman. Recommendations made by the bar association regarding increases in salaries for several county offices, and the judgeships will be considered by the jury.

COL. FOSTER TALKS TO MASONS

The regular social banquet of the Carmel Masonic Club was held last evening at the Club on Lincoln Street. Colonel Clark Foster was speaker of the evening. He gave a few highlights on amateur radio transmission and also told interesting stories of his experiences 'on the air'.

The Saga of Snik the adventures of a rat

XMAS SPIRIT

WHAT will I get for her?
What will he give to me?
What will I get for him?
What will her present be?
Cheers cheers
I close my ears
I cannot hear it
I am Snik
Xmas spirit
Makes me sick.



HERE'S ULTRA ULTRA POEM

AMONG the subjects on which Miss Helen Rosenkrans spoke at the Forum on Thursday last was that of the new fashions in poetry. She gave as an example a modern English poem about lambs and a shepherd. Here we have an ultra new fashioned poem written by one of our own Carmelites.

* THE COSMIC SNEEZE

The universe offers itself in a pinch of its own dust—
the philosophy of nothingness, my masters!
And first—the gesture imperturbable,—a delicate tapping of the fingers on the silver box of illusion; and then the heightening of the organ of perception—a tickling at the root of the nose; and then—the uncontrollable convolution—more drastic than laughter—dynamite under a stone
the world blown to bits . . . principles . . . philosophies . . . religions . . . The universe offers itself in a pinch of its own dust.
Will you take, my masters? Will you snuff?

Will you sneeze?

A dirty habit you say, Sir?
and only excusable in our ancestors?
I agree with you perfectly.
Between sneezes, Sir, I agree with you perfectly.
—JEANNE D'ORGE

Hatton Fields Has Novel Road Names

As nearly all the streets in Carmel and Monterey already had Spanish names, the Carmel Land Company has evolved the happy idea of giving to Hatton Fields' roads pedigreed names. After delving into old County records they have named each street after some long past owner of the property. In 1839 a man called Lazarro was granted one league of this land by Spain, which he sold to Andrew Randall in 1851, hence Lazarro street and Randall Way. In 1856 there was a new owner, Alexander Taylor, who ten years later in 1866 sold it to Lloyd Trevis. There is a Taylor Road and a Trevis Way. In 1869 the owner was Mrs. Dominga Goni de Atherton, Atherton Drive was named after her. The Hattons came into possession in 1890. The whole tract of land was bought from them by the Carmel Land Company in 1925 and is now known as Hatton Fields. The remainder of the roads have been named after the adjoining land owners, and we have Martin Road, Stewart Road and Allan Way, so

giving to all the streets and roads of this new division of Carmel names of local interest.

MISS MILDRED COLLYER,

ARTIST, VISITING CARMEL

Miss Mildred H. Collyer, sister-in-law of the internationally known artist Philip Connard R. A. is in Carmel for the winter living in the Seidenecy studio on Ocean Avenue. Miss Collyer is a water color artist and has exhibited at the Royal Academy and Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors in London. She is exhibiting some beautiful hand-blocked prints of California flowers at the Carmel Art Gallery on San Carlos Street. Miss Collyer's principal work has been in water color portraits. She was a fellow student of Mrs. Mary Young Hunter of Carmel in London many years ago.

DR. MORAVEK LEAVES

Dr. Vladimir Moravek, who has been doing scientific research work in collaboration with Dr. D. T. MacDougal at the Coastal Laboratory for the past six months, left last week to return to his native country. Dr. Moravek is a professor in the Masaryk University of Brno in

Czechoslovakia. While in Carmel he has been engaged in experimenting with the artificial cell, in the creation and structure of which he and Dr. MacDougal have made some valuable discoveries of great interest to the scientific world. Dr. Moravek sailed on the Panama Pacific line from San Francisco for New York and after a visit in Boston he will sail for Europe.

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CARMEL

Carmel Horseshoe Pitchers Best P.G.

THE demon players of the Carmel Horseshoe Club, led into the enemy's country Saturday by Dr. J. E. Beck, the captain, walloped the Pacific Grove tossers in eleven games out of eighteen. The Pacific Grove players included J. Bill Gates, Paul Pierce and W. Geringer. In the Carmel team were D. E. Nixon, Graham, Louis Gazzazi, Clarence Tarr, Tom Douglas and D. L. Dawson.

It was not many months ago that Dr. Beck commenced throwing horseshoes at iron posts he had struck in the vacant property adjoining his home on San Carlos street and directly opposite the Sunset School. Along came D. E. Nixon and joined the doctor. Louis Narvaez became interested and finally the realms of the educator offered their representative in D. L. Dawson, who teaches the younger lights the way to shine, in Monterey High school.

And now just look at the thing!

On the new courts placed at the disposal of the recently formed club by A. K. Miller, on Ocean avenue between San Carlos and Mission streets, there are now gathered during the day and often far into the night, through the efficacy of large electric lights, scores of business and professional men of the city, and a majority of the boys.

Five courts have been laid out and it's a dull day, or a very wet one, when all of them are not in use.

The horseshoe club now has a membership of more than thirty and there are new applicants for admittance to its membership every day.

The most recent adherents of the game are Don Hale, Rafe Todd, Frank Murphy and Robert Stanton. None of this quartet is yet quite certain where the peg is, but all are throwing their horseshoes in the general direction of it.

The best pitcher Carmel has is D. E. Nixon, who not long ago was one of the runner-ups for first honors at the state tournament in Sacramento. Nixon is always certain to throw higher than eighty in fifty shoes and he has proved himself a hard man to beat by any pitchers on the peninsula.

The Carmel players and the Pacific Grove enthusiasts have been meeting regularly during the past two months.

NEW VOLUME BY JEFFERS TO BE PUBLISHED IN FEBRUARY

A new volume by Robinson Jeffers will be published in February by Boni & Liveright. It is titled "The women at Point Sur" and contains one long poem and several short ones. The poem of Jeffers appearing in this week's issue of The Cymbal has been hitherto unpublished.

George Sterling's "Life of Jeffers" is expected within the next month.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

JOHONNOT TO HAVE COURSE

Ralph Helm Johonnot, who has an exhibition of paintings at the San Carlos hotel in Monterey, will commence a course in design and color at Pacific Grove beginning with Saturday morning, January 8.

FUGITIVE

O h, the dancing trees
By the railroad track
Are calling me back,
They're calling me back!

With a haunting wail
We have shattered dawn . . .
Blue mountains fly by,
Blue mountains are gone.

Now a meadow green,
Now a sleepy town,
Some cows in a pasture,
Black, white and brown.

. . . And I must go on
Though they're calling me back . . .
Those dancing trees
By the railroad track.

—JOAN STAFFORD

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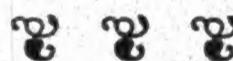
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Carmel's Xmas Tree To Blaze Friday Evening

THE community Christmas Tree which is being looked forward to with great pleasure by young and old will be illuminated at 7 o'clock on Friday evening to the sound of a bugle call. Carols will then be sung, led by Betty Sheppard and Fenton P. Foster. A real Santa Claus and his assistants will distribute the gifts which everyone is to get.

Christmas baskets into which the public is asked to put gifts for friends and the children will be at the Pine Inn, Eliot and Marion's, Paul J. Denny's, foyer of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, Palace Drug Company, Staniford's, Cinderella Shop and Kays on Wednesday afternoon. Names must be written clearly on the packages. This tree is planned to bring all together in community spirit once more, as it used to be in Carmel not so long ago.

CARMEL TRUSTEES WANT JUNIOR COLLEGE DISTRICT EXTENDED

A proposal to include the entire county in the district for the desired junior college on the peninsula was adopted by the board of trustees at the regular meeting last Monday night. It was pointed out by Argyll Campbell that the necessary tax rate would be too high if the district would include only the peninsula.

A long-standing telephone bill was ordered paid, further consideration of the proposed fire ordinance was made, and December 29 decided on as the date of the next meeting for further consideration of the matter.

"NO ROOM FOR CHRIST" REV. TERWILLIGER'S SUBJECT

"No room for Christ" will be the theme of the second Christmas sermon by Rev. I. M. Terwilliger this Sunday morning at the Carmel Community Church. There will be special Christmas music.

All business and high school young people of Carmel are invited to the Epworth League at 7 o'clock in the evening.

The Carmel Missionary Society is arranging a special program to be given in Carmel church Sunday evening, January 3.

MISS WITHERS DOES WELL IN DUFFY'S STAGING OF "RAIN"

Isabel Withers and her supporting cast gave an exceedingly even performance of "Rain" at the Golden State Theater in Monterey last week. Miss Withers was a most convincing Sadie Thompson. When circumstances as engineered by the Rev. Davidson got the better of her, she

was able to convey to her audience through her seeming acceptance of conversion and the thought of the years of punishment to come, her indomitable will for revenge—the consummation of which she took with expected lightness, one moment of sincere bitterness in her "All men are alike!"

The Rev. Alfred Davidson as portrayed by Harold Salter was an impressive and tragic personality, and Howard Nugent as Jo Horn was a South Sea trader to the life. The performance impressed one as being a portrayal of real life, whereas the recent performance of "The Green Hat" at the same theatre seemed merely an impersonation of the book rather than an adequate rendering of life as it is. The play "Rain" has indeed been a paying proposition. One man who put \$1,000 into it after its first night in New York has already made \$7,000 on his investment and the stock and picture rights are still to be disposed of.

—M. T.

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

7:04 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)
9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.
10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)
3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.
6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Arriving at Monterey

8:30 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.
11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.
6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.
8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.
9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.
Leave Monterey 8:30 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.
For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 6 p.m.

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PERSONAL MENTION

DR. IRA REMSEN and Mrs. Remsen are at Pine Inn and will be in Carmel for some time.

Mrs. Nathan Newby has moved into the Anita Whitney cottage on Junipero and 12th for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Edler and family have left for Boston where they expect to remain indefinitely. Mr. Edler conducted a grocery store in Carmel for many years and was proprietor of the Studio Restaurant before it passed under the present management.

Mrs. Edward A. Kluegel is in her play house on North Camino Real for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps Ross of Canada have taken Mrs. Kluegel's Ocean Avenue home.

Miss Ada Howe Kent and Miss Kilpatrick of Carmel Highlands have gone to New York and will sail from there for Europe.

Miss Carol Thudichum has gone to spend Christmas with her grandmother, Mrs. W. Thudichum of Denver, Colorado.

Miss Cordelia Jennings of San Francisco spent the week-end with Mrs. Eric Wilson.

Miss C. I. Mytton held an exhibition of her paintings on Saturday at the home of Mrs. Charles Lowell. Miss Mytton is an English artist who came to Carmel from Santa Barbara.

Miss R. Comings has returned from the Trails Club at the Big Sur. She will be at her home on Santa Lucia for the winter.

Miss Frances Taylor is going to San Francisco to spend Christmas with her family there.

Mrs. Philip Wilson Jr., her son Ramsey, and Mrs. Margaret Church will spend Christmas with Miss Bidily O'Sullivan at her farm in Brightwell, Salome, England.

Stuart Walcott who had been staying in Carmel with his mother Mrs. Louise Walcott sailed for Seattle as radio operator on the "Los Alamos" from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Ferguson of Hollywood have purchased one of the new homes now being completed in Hatton Fields. Temporarily they are living in the "Wee Hoose" on San Antonio. Mr. Ferguson is a son of Mrs. Lillian Prest Ferguson, well known member of the Laguna Beach art colony.

Ralph Geddes who did such fine work as Orestes and Rip Van Winkle at the

Forest Theater, is now playing juvenile leads at the Neighborhood House in New York. Miss Christine Burton is also playing at the same theater.

Brewster Davidson who is a student at Stanford University is in Carmel for the holidays with his father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Wesley T. Davidson who are occupying one of the Yates cottages on Ocean Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Graham of Victoria, B. C., have taken a house in Carmel and will be here for the winter.

Mrs. Dorothy Wilson entertained at the Hotel Del Monte on Saturday night at a no-host dinner party.

Guests at the Sea View Inn are Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gilbert, Seattle, Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Wendell M. Latimer of Berkeley, B. J. Buffman of Oakland, Mrs. Anna P. See of Amherst, Mass., Mrs. Florretta Baldwin of Oakland, J. E. Moore of Berkeley and Mrs. Mary Reed Shupp of Philadelphia.

The Seven Arts has a new Sports Department where one can find anything in sport implements from indoor golf sets with hazards, bunkers n' everything, to polo sticks and ponies.

An unique wedding took place at Peter Pan Lodge, Carmel Highlands, on Thursday, December 1. Just as the sun arose over the mountains Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, minister of the Carmel Church, united in marriage Norman R. Field and Marion L. Mitchell, both of Oakland. A wedding breakfast at the Lodge followed the ceremony.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURE

The Christian Science Society of Carmel cordially invites the public to a free lecture on Christian Science by Bicknell Young, C.S.B. of Chicago, Illinois, member of The Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., Sunday afternoon, December 26, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, Carmel, California.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

The Carmel Dramatic Circle will postpone its meetings until the first Thursday after the New Year. It will then meet at Miss Alice McChesney's Home on north Camino Real.

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CONSCIOUSNESS

by ROBINSON JEFFERS

I

WHAT catches the eye the quick hand reaches toward
Or plotting brain circuitously secures,
The will is not required, is not our lord,
We seek nor flee nor pleasure nor pain of ours.
The bullet flies the way the rifle's fired,
Then what is this unreasonable excess,
Our needless quality, this unrequired
Exception in the world, this consciousness?
Our nerves and brain have their own chemic changes,
This springs of them yet surely it stands outside.
It feeds in the same pasture and it ranges
Up and down the same hills, but unallied,
However symbiotic, with the cells
That weave tissues and lives. It is something else.

II

As if there were two Gods: the first had made
All visible things, waves, mountains, stars and men,
The sweet forms dancing on through flame and shade,
The swift messenger nerves that sting the brain,
The brain itself and the answering strands that start
Explosion in the muscles, the indrinking eye
Of cunning crystal, the hands and feet, the heart
And feeding entrails, and the organs that tie
The generations into one wreath, one strand;
All tangible things or chemical processes
Needs only brain and patience to understand:
Then the other God comes suddenly and says
"I crown or damn, I have different fire to add.
These forms shall feel, ache, love, grieve and be glad."

III

There is the insolence, there is the sting, the rapture:
By what right did that fire-bringer come in?
The uncalled for God to conquer us all and capture,
Master of joy and misery, troubler of men.
Still we divide allegiance; suddenly
An August sundown on a mountain road
The marble pomps, the primal majesty
And senseless beauty of that austerer God
Come to us, so we love him as men love
A mountain, not their kind; love growing intense
Changes to joy that we grow conscious of:
There is the rapture, the sting, the insolence.
... Or mourn dead beauty a bird-bright May-morning:
The insufferable insolence, the sting.

CARMEL THE CYMBALWEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1926
VOLUME II NUMBER 25**Notes and Comment**


IT WILL be observed that two pages of this issue of The Cymbal are given over to the activities of The Carmel Woman's Club. The Cymbal intends each week to give the club space in which it may place whatever it desires regarding the concerns and doings of the organization. Clubs with ideas are so very rare that when they do come into being we feel that anything we can do toward furthering their purposes we should do. The Cymbal is not a club journal; the vast majority of clubs and organizations, in fact, make us sick, but Mrs. Gale and the women who are working with her are so much earnest and apparently have so much in their programs that we make an exception in their case and will endeavor to the best of our opportunity to assist them along their road.

• • •

WE RECEIVED through the mail this week a Christmas present that is actually so wonderful in its entirety that we would be completely lacking in the spirit of the season if we even hesitated about passing it on to you. We cannot, exactly, pass it on in all its beauty through the medium of cold type—we cannot give you the color and the general radiance, but we'll try to make up for this by describing its accoutrements. It arrived in a salmon pink envelope, addressed to us and with the word "Personal" dashed off in the lower left-hand corner. Inside is a folded sheet of pale lavender stationery, deckled top and bottom with a thin line of a deeper lavender along the deckle. And this line is trimmed with a hairline of silver. Fastened to the sheet with a clip-clip is a tiny white card, calling size, on which is printed: "Charles L. Pryal, Author of 'Service' and other poems, P. O. Box 367, Station A., Los Angeles." Written across the face of the card are the words: "Permission to publish. C. L. P., 12-17-26." Then, on the lavender paper is typewritten a "poem" and below it: "Copyright, 1926, by Charles L. Pryal. The above copy of Poem written on the sands of Carmel 9-19-26. This (one of the first copies) of original MMS. presented to W. K. Bassett, Editor".

And now we print herewith (with permission) the "poem" exactly as received:

Supremely restful,—here, where white sands gently flow toward the Sea;
A Sea so lovely, that neither Pen nor Brush can depict this ecstasy,—
A Sea, so lovely that Romance intrigues

the mind—

Like unto some far off Sunkissed shore of Italy, of Mediterranean kind.

One glimpse; that first thrill of sight, of yonder topaz blue,—

Glimped, in open lacework of Pine and Cypress, looking through Unto the bay of Carmel by the Sea; Ah! That vista, in mind shall stay, A memory through Eternity!

(You will note that Sunkist is spelled incorrectly in the above.—Editor)

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AN EDITORIAL ON JESUS CHRIST

NEXT Saturday five hundred millions of people, more or less, congregated and scattered on various parts of this terrestrial sphere, will stay home from work and with considerable indifference and little concern, as regards the mass, observe the calendared anniversary of the reputed birth of a man who is said to have come upon this earth some nineteen hundred and twenty-six years ago.

Good Christians believe that Jesus Christ was born; very good Christians believe his birth was the result of an immaculate conception; some very very good Christians have faith in the story that he was crucified, died and was buried and that on the third day he arose and ascended unto heaven and sitteth upon the right hand of God the Father Almighty, whence he has come to judge the quick and the dead.

It is a pretty story, but there is nothing original about it. Many years before the date which has been somewhat arbitrarily selected as that of his birth, other mythical persons, granted the privilege of the flesh by devout followers and become the inspirations for new theologies, have had their beings in immaculate and mystical conceptions. The god Attis, many years before Christ, was "conceived immaculately in the womb of a virgin". The "miraculous birth" of the divine hero Mithras, the Persian god, was "witnessed only by a few shepherds come from afar with gifts to adorn the wonder child," and the Mithraists "galloped to the comforting conclusion that the mere consumption of the supposed flesh and blood of the god assured them of life everlasting." Only the "redeemed were to be saved, and Mithras, come to earth a second and final time, would administer to each of them a last sacrament, and then cause them to inherit the world in peace and blessedness forevermore".

And, as a very timely touch, long before Christianity was ever dreamed of or fabricated in the minds of those who chronicled the wanderings of the Jews and added a new wing to their religion in the name of Christ, "three times a day, with especial elaborateness on the Sun-days and the twenty-fifth of December, the Mithras priests offered services".

The mind of man from far back in the ages has created his god as not born of man, but conceived by a holy spirit, and hundreds of years before Christ rose from the dead, there were resurrections of the same glimmering kind on the part of the deities. In the name of originality it is a pity that those who took it upon themselves to indite a new chronicle to be added to the Old Testament, could not have conceived a new and novel myth for the foundation of a religion that has grown to such immense and alarming proportions in the number of disciples and the extent of its influence. That that influence generally is waning and that the days of

Christianity as an accepted theology and a ritualistic belief are numbered is perhaps, to a large degree, blamable to the lack of originality and freshness of theological theory on the part of those men who put down in writing the fabricated story of Jesus Christ.

But to another source must be traced the responsibility for the renunciation of Christianity on the part of the individual human being today. The records of religious beliefs—those which have been based on the philosophy of the men who founded them—show that the perversion of their ideas and ideals by those who came to don their cloaks has been the rock on which the good ship foundered. Christ who taught humility is being championed today by ranting priests. Christ who taught unostentation is being insulted by the coronation of a Pope at Rome. Christ who taught tolerance is nailed again to a cross by the Methodist ministry and the Ku Klux Klan. Christ who preached kindness and love is hourly crucified by bitterness and hate.

For whether or not there was such a man, there was such an ideal. Whether or not there was a figure, in the flesh, born in a manger, suffering under Pontius Pilate, hung to a cross, and finally issuing forth miraculously from a closed vault to ascend gloriously into the sky, there was such a spirit of wisdom and light. It makes little difference, if we would live as it becomes us to live, do as it is finely the things for us to do, judge as it is justice that we should judge, build as it is glorious that we should build—it matters little whether or not the words and counsels which lead us toward the light of commonsense and happiness were those of one man who walked this earth—the reputed words of Christ as set down in the New Testament are a philosophy of life through the belief and the following of which goodness and eternity cannot fail.

Dean Inge has said: "If we could give the Christian standard of values a fair chance we should find that nearly all the problems that seem to us unsolved would solve themselves." That was given as a theological statement, but it is merely a philosophical one and it is true.

Jesus Christ, myth or man, body or spirit, born of a virgin or conceived through the transcendent love of a man and a woman, gave to the world a complete standard of ideals through which desired glory may be obtained.

"This one thing I do," he said, and he did it. There was no quibbling about it with this man; he had the courage of his convictions and he lived as he talked. As with wisdom, "his ways were ways of pleasantness and all his paths were peace". He did not say "Do not", but he said "Do". He was positive, not negative. You cannot find in the story of Jesus Christ a record of restriction. Although

he said to the Magdalen: "Go and sin no more," he left it to her as to the nature and matter of sin. She could decide in her own conscience, and to her and to him the strength and vitality of his counsel was in the "go" and not in the "sin no more". He knew this and she came to know it. The only people who do not seem to know it are those who have followed after and have come to the high places in the Christian churches of today and in the Anti-saloon league and Y. M. C. A.

If Jesus Christ is actually sitting up there on the right of God the Father Almighty, and is today judging the quick and the dead, there are a large number of the quick who will pass quickly through his docket and be remanded to the sheriff next Saturday as they smugly believe they are commemorating his birth around an electrically-lighted Christmas tree.

If we could wipe out all the perversion of Christianity that began with Paul and Peter and has been carried to the height of disgust through nineteen hundred years of theological muddling, and put into the hands of the children of the world today the words of Jesus Christ, stripped of their clouding interpretations of false apostles, we would establish a Kingdom of God on earth that would make this dull, shivering ball a brilliant globe of wisdom and happiness in the whirling spheres of the universe.

And the Christmases to come would verily be merry.

—W. K. B.



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THE CARMEL

CURRENT EVENTS IS SUBJECT OF GROUP

THE FIRST meeting of the Current Events group of the Carmel Woman's Club took place at Pine Inn on Thursday evening, December 16. The leader, Miss Helen Rosenkrans, opened the meeting with an outline of what the Forum was to do in the future. New fashions in Law, Poetry, Literature, Dramatics and Politics are to be studied with the world current events. She said that we never realize how much romance there is in current events until we study them. Miss Rosekrans spoke to a large and interested audience and if her opening speech is an earnest of what is to be put before the Forum it will not only be instructive but wittily entertaining.

At last Thursday's meeting Dr. W. T. Davidson reviewed President Coolidge's report to the Congress on "the state of the Union" with high favor, holding up the President's hands on every point, touching especially on the question of farm relief, the proposed reduction of taxes, Boulder Dam, the development of the Mississippi River as a commercial highway, and a method of solving the problem of lowering the Great Lakes through Chicago's use of Lake Michigan for drainage purposes. He was in complete sympathy with the President in the view that the Philippine Islands should be held, and expressed the opinion that General Leonard Wood, the present Governor-General of the Islands, is one of the greatest colonial administrators that the world has ever seen. He spoke strongly for an adequate appropriation for the army and navy.

Oliver Gale, in an outline, expanded the consideration of "the state of the Union" to include a contemplation of the state of the world and the people in it.

"The world is a very interesting place," he said, "It is so full of people, and so many of them are quite human. It is becoming an important place for America, for it not only offers vast fields of trade and industry as a promise to 'continued prosperity', but it also has begun to crowd in upon America with its problems in a way that can neither be denied nor permanently avoided. The economic age in which we find ourselves today has broken down political partitions until we are all more or less in one room and must take some account of our room-mates, whether we like to or not. Some feel that we should endeavor to be on friendly and

helpful terms with them, if for no higher reason than that our purse is fat with most of the gold in the world."

Touching briefly upon the Philippines to describe conditions there and point out a difference of opinion, at least, about restoring them to 'self-determination'; sketching in a word the development of Samoa, once a German possession, under New Zealand's mandate, and submitting the view that the former 'Prussianism' and militaristic imperialism of Japan seemed to be dissolving in a more liberal feeling in the Islands, he came to China.

China, he felt, was coming into consciousness at last, by slow and violent processes, but perhaps certain ones. Whether or not the arousing of this ancient giant should prove a 'yellow peril' depended, the speaker suggested, largely upon the enlightenment and vision and understanding of the white races in their treatment of her; the Anglo-Saxon, perhaps, more than any others. China had been nibbled at for centuries; treaty ports, extra-territorial rights, commercial and more lately financial exploitation on the part of western civilization. Not without some benefit to herself, surely, through the contacts originally enforced upon her. Now she was awakening to a national sense in which these former things became repugnant and impossible to her. The efforts of the 'Republic' to make this national sense coherent and to express it had proved abortive, but the southern leaders from Canton, spiritual heirs of Sun Yat Sen, the real father of China's sense of her right to herself, seemed to be gathering ideas and ideals about themselves which promised to consolidate China into a definite national entity. Their victories in the field, of course, were only incidental and would have no meaning whatever if not backed up by the real national consciousness and purpose which these leaders seemed to possess and which were entirely lacking amongst the exalted brigands fighting for their own ends in the name of or under the pretense of supporting the northern government, which is entirely without funds, authority, or prestige.

Some, perhaps on good authority, associate the Cantonese with the Soviets. This might be one of the things which the new world would have to adjust itself to, just as the old world, which seemed new at the time to those living in it then, and quite as full of difficulties as ours does to us, adjusted itself to the things that

came out of the French Revolution.

Russia, he said, was working things out, apparently; was, in fact, much further along in stabilization on a new basis than France had been within the same period after her revolution. The idealistic philosophy of her early extremists had not stood the test of realities, and the trials by fire which the commune had undergone had apparently brought leaders to the surface who were ready for more temperate counsels. One new idea which seems to be gathering force there was to confine Russia's energies to Russia's own opportunities and cease trying to spread Bolshevism throughout the world. Conditions there have recently been reported by some—notably an unofficial body of American travelers of many shades of opinion—as generally good. These same Americans have addressed a letter urging upon the President America's recognition of the Soviet government. How this recognition can be longer denied them by a nation itself born in revolution, created by a self-assumed authority of government, and dedicated to the ideal of self-government, was a question which the speaker preferred to leave to the subtleties of the statesmen at Washington.

Fascism in Italy, he said, seemed to be the outstanding feature in the world situation today, but as a matter of fact, he felt that it was not. "Fascism is spectacular. It is dramatic. It is magnetic and compelling. Because it is in the hands of one of the most spectacular, dramatic and mesmeric personalities, perhaps, that the world has ever known. Mussolini, firing the imagination of a volatile but stricken Italy with burning promises of glory and reward, has taken his fellow nationals by storm and assumed a dictatorial leadership over them which rests upon nothing but his own supreme egoism and will. Even Fascism upon which he rode into power he has completely subordinated to his purpose and desire. The result seems threatening. But in the large view it can hardly be so considered, for the aggressive solidarity of modern Italy is based on force and the will of one man, and the day for illusion, and is bound to dissolve into its that has forever gone by in the history of the world. It is an emotion and an original vapor under the light of the new humanity which, supported by realities, is gradually making its way into the consciousness and accomplishments of mankind. Nevertheless, the immediate future of Fascism and Italy is full of the most intense interest and uncertainty."

This new spirit of humanity, which the speaker held to have been so eloquently evoked and expressed by President Wilson in the days of the World War and

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WOMAN'S CLUB

Citizenship Subject Of Next Meeting

MRS. ERNESTINE MOTT of San Francisco, member of the board of education of that city, will speak at the January meeting of the club on "Women's Responsibilities as Citizens". Mrs. Mott, who is the regional director for seven western states of the National League of Women Voters, has proved her own citizenship by an active and efficient participation in the affairs of her community, state and nation. It is out of the knowledge and convictions born of this experience that she will speak to the women citizens of Carmel.

The meeting will be in the hands of the civics department of the club, of which Dr. Amelia L. Gates is the chairman. Owing to the holidays, it will be held on Monday, January 10, instead of on the first Monday of the month.

International Relations Subject of Club Group

THE group of the Carmel Woman's Club taking up the study of International Relations had their first meeting at the home of Miss Anne Martin on Wednesday afternoon, December 15. The meetings are to be held every second and fourth Thursdays of the month at the home of Mrs. Esther Teare, corner of Lincoln and 9th. The subject which this group has taken up for the season's study will be "America's Foreign Policy", following the winter program of the San Francisco branch of Women Voters. The next meeting will be held on January 13 at 2:30 and a paper on "United States Diplomacy in South America" will be contributed by Mrs. Teare.

PLAYS AND STAGE

SUBJECT OF STUDY

Modern tendencies and practice in stage setting and stage craft, as well as the written play of today, with its developments and trends, will be included in the study of the drama in the dramatic section of the club under Louise Walcott. In other words, the finished production as a whole, as it appears on the boards, from practical as well as theoretical standpoints, will be taken up for consideration and discussion although the actual production by the club of plays is not contemplated, that being amply provided for by organizations already active in Carmel. "If any of our women want to work on the stage," Mrs. Walcott commented in this connection,

"they can do it with what we now have in town."

"We are going to study the drama, of course, from its beginnings in England—without taking up the miracle plays, however—but all the way through we are going to study the relation between the written play itself and the stage, between the playwright and the producer and actor. The man who writes a play, of course, has got to think what can be done with it on the stage after he gets it written, in the way of settings, costumes, mechanical effects, etc. In the beginning, the writer was way ahead of the craftsman; but recently the stage settings and capacities for effects got way ahead of him. Right now, however, the writer is ahead again. The men who are setting the stage for him are wandering around feeling for something new, seeking impressionistic effects, making zig-zag lines where the man on the stage is walking straight, and the writer is waiting for him to come back and catch up.

"Not so long ago the stage was under the furioso school; deep-chested bellowings and long-winded soliloquies; then we followed Maeterlinck into too minute realism. Now we have got back to a more truthful realism which represents things more nearly as they seem to us to be.

"What the drama needs today is a true idea in plays; something vital and worth saying. Instead of that, we have playwrights, for instance, who notice that a woman's eyes are brown and see that a certain shade of brown would become her in a dress, and figure out what sort of woman she would be to have brown eyes and to wear brown dresses with them and build their plays on that.

"America has overdeveloped the French idea of the drama situation. Any kind of a situation nowadays will get a laugh—or a tear. When you have that kind of a play, you cannot get away from hokum.

"These are some of the things that the women in the section want to take up. Our program, as outlined, leaves a pretty open field and we can go into any phase of the drama and the stage and their relationships to life which may seem inviting."

The dramatic section will meet at two o'clock on the second and fourth Mondays of the week in the Carmel Art Gallery, at Fourth and San Carlos Streets. The next meeting, however, will be held, due to the holiday season, on Monday, January 3. Those who wish to attend this first meeting, but are not yet members of the club, will have the opportunity of joining at the meeting.

GARDENING GROUP

VISITING GARDENS

The gardening group, under Susan Kirk Davis, has been meeting every week until the holidays in members' gardens. The last meeting was in the garden of Mrs. H. S. Nye, when Miss Davis made California wild bulbs the subject of special discussion. Next week Thursday, at 2:30 the group will meet in the garden of Mrs. William P. Silva, on Carmelo between Ocean and Fifth. Miss Davis will talk on California wild shrubs and their use in cultivated gardens. As in the case of other groups, women who want to begin at once to work with the garden section but who are not yet members of the club may join the club at the group meeting. Club membership includes the privileges of any group.

APPOINTMENTS ANNOUNCED

The following appointments to office in the club are announced by the board of directors: Mrs. H. S. Nye, second vice president; Mrs. C. H. Lowell, chairman, department of international relations; Mrs. Wanda G. Leslie, chairman, house committee; Miss Pauline Newman, chairman, music section.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB'S

NATURE STUDY DEPARTMENT

It may be news to many that the Carmel Woman's Club has a department of Nature Study. But it is most appropriate, for where could more fascinating opportunities be found than in this charming little town spilled down the steep hillside among the pines and live-oaks, the hollows and ridges, nearly to the sea, which rims each downward-trending street with a wall of blue?

Lots of people think of the ocean only as a beautiful thing to look at and a good means of transportation by boat. O, yes, and there are great schools of fish in it... and now and then a whale...and...a drift of smelly seaweed is on the beaches.

That there are hundreds of beautiful or interesting and amusing little sea beasties living in the inter-tide pools of the rocks at either side of Carmel's sand-beach, as everywhere among shore rocks; millions of billions of tiny creatures—too tiny to be seen without the aid of a microscope but which furnish food for endless larger creatures—in the sea-water itself; that many of the queer little tide-pool chaps have highly organized nervous systems and astonishingly human traits; that the variety and beauty of form of sea-weeds is endless—most people, even

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TO TEA, OR NOT TO TEA!

WE ARE not timid, ordinarily. We love to strut and posture, just like any other human, but we firmly believe that there is a time and place for everything. And the one occasion on which we feel that there is neither place nor time is at a ladies' tea party. We have withstood the audiences of Carmel, than which there is no more critical; we have endured a short engagement in the minstrel show, we have joined forces with a soviet and waved a red flag in the face of Judge Fraser, we have sat through a bull fight in Seville without flinching, we have even read other people's precious and tender manuscripts, and criticized them, but we have never, no! never, had the courage to withstand the hum of tea chatter, the clatter of scones on plates, the late afternoon pleasantness which is friendly, but which to us, in the form of a tea party, spells more genuine fright than the awfulest of awful things.

The instrument of our fate was a lady Pontius Pilate, one whom we had loved and respected as a friend, and all unsuspecting, we allowed her to betray us, crucify us with scones and tea on the cross of thirteen of Carmel's loveliest ladies at tea. It happened like this:

At the hour which our fond parent intimated was proper for us to appear with the family barouche, we shut off the motor quietly outside the windows of the tea party and slouched in the seat, dangling lighted Chesterfield in the general direction of the mission, and thinking that there was nothing more splendid than the Carmel Valley and the mountains rising up out of the land in sheer bravado. A window opened. Wouldn't we come in and have a cup of tea? Oh, thank you, but we'll wait out here! Then, I'll bring some out to you. Oh, please don't bother! But the window closed, and lest our friend be put to inconvenience, we left the car and sought the rear, the kitchen, entrance. The temptress appeared in the doorway. Come in here, nobody will see you, and you won't have to meet a soul. Oh, all right, thank you. We were hungry.

This way, said she, and led us from the kitchen into what we imagined to be a hidden nook wherein we could gorge on our favorite weakness—layer cake—without peril and with safety.

But oh, fickle fate, alluring temptress! We were led straight into the heart of the tea-party itself, a single male amongst thirteen of the rival sex! Thirteen is an unlucky number, she told us, and you must break the spell.

We found our parent and slunk onto a sofa in a corner by her side like a week old puppy dog hiding in a shadow, and when our knees were called upon to rise and function normally, a singular weakness doubled them up, and the surge

of muted voices engulfed us like a sudden tide.

We fortified ourselves with refreshments and mentally fainted. Thirteen ladies and one male. Thirteen, count 'em. What if they turned soviet and declared a sex war? We would be the first victim. What man ever had a ghost of a chance, anyway, before even one woman? And there were thirteen of them. We watched their faces carefully for signs of conflict, but there was none. Perhaps if we crawled in the waste paper basket and pretended I was the S. P. Bulletin, they wouldn't notice me. We thought of poor old Hamlet, and wondered if the key to his famous soliloquy had not derived from a similar circumstance? To be or not to be. No, to tea or not to tea, that's the question!

Of a sudden, there was a rustling throughout the room like the shuffle of wind through a corn field, and a mass of colors whirled above our head. In the buzz of departure, perhaps we might escape! And so we maneuvered the waste paper basket towards the kitchen door and, with a final rodd, landed sprawling outside the kitchen door. Stealthily we crawled through the grass that grew weed high against the fence, crawled through the gap in the pickets and reached the car unobserved. Safe inside its aquarium-like walls we lit another cigarette and watched the hills sink into twilight.

Our parent appeared at the car window and stared at us unbelievingly. I beg your pardon, she said, but I think you're in the wrong car. Then she peered closer and a startled cry escaped from her lips. Why, you've turned gray!

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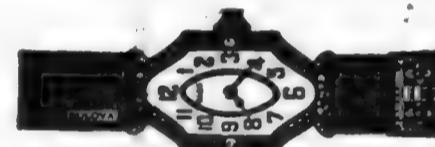
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A Linoleum Cut by Anita Hestwood

(Continued from Page Eleven)
those who have this largesse at their very doors, never suspect.

For instance, how many Carmelites realize that the prickly sea-urchin, so commonly seen at low tide, has, when grown, about 2,000 slender tool-tipped arms, instantly withdrawable, with which he "combs his hair"—or spines—walks, works, covers himself with sea-weed, shells or bits of rock from the too inquisitive stare of men or crabs; or even carves himself a rock "hermit-cell" where he must labor the rest of his life to keep it large enough for his growing self? Each one of these arms is well equipped with nerves, as in the rest of his organism—fancy him having nervous prostration! It would be even worse than the proverbial giraffe with a sore throat!

Again, how many Carmelites see a tenth of the beautiful birds singing and working among our trees and flowers, to their very great benefit? Blessed are you if you have a garden, if it is constantly visited by flocks of bushtits, tiny, softly

twittering wisps of pale sooty-brownish color with slender wee tails. Their business in life is to keep scale insects, aphids and other pests down. Woodpeckers work all day long saving our beautiful Monterey pines from the devastating bark-boring beetles. Cheery white-crowned sparrows sing their lovely, plaintive songs all through the winter, and their larger, darker cousins, the "gold-crowns", drop the three falling notes of the quaintly mournful "Three blind mice" of the nursery rhyme. There are many more than a hundred kinds of birds about us, including the sea-birds, giving unique study opportunities.

Beneath the pines the manzanitas are beginning to hang out their clusters of tiny, pale-pink, closed bells, to be followed by little flat apples—"manzana", in Spanish meaning "apple"—"manzanitas", little apples.

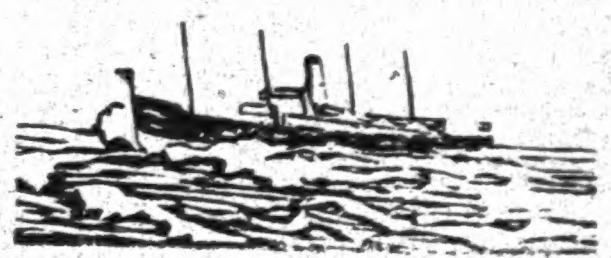
Everywhere, during this rainy time, mushrooms are raising their demure or gorgeous heads—many good for food, though some are deadly poisonous.

By the way, Mr. Campbell has kindly

placed at our disposal a portion of the show window of his grocery, so that certain rare or interesting things may be seen by all.

Already in the sunny open places the sun-cups are lifting their delicate cups of gold. Masses of little saxifrages are coming up; buttercups, spider-lilies—the whole pageant of spring is in preparation! Truly, Carmel is a delightful place to study Nature!

—ELINORE SMITH
Leader of Nature Department
The next meeting of the nature study group will be held on Tuesday, December 28, at 10:30 a. m. at the home of Dr. Amelia L. Gates, Camino Real between 7th and 8th.



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CARMEL

(Continued From Page Ten)

which it was hoped the League of Nations would practically embody, was, he felt, manifesting itself in the rapprochement going on between France and Germany, notably, and amongst European nations generally. Germany was now a member of the League and had a seat in the permanent council. Briand and Stresemann had been getting together to iron out or eliminate all the hard lumps between their respective nations and a better feeling was prevailing generally. Great credit, he felt, was due to Briand, who seemed to be proving one of the most effective peacemakers in the world at present. This getting together was quite apart from recent economic consolidations which in the nature of things must overleap boundaries and ignore prejudice and passion.

France, on her part, was settling down to a realization of her situation and adjusting herself to an abandonment of her delusive hopes, formerly held out by politicians, of having Germany pay for everything. Economics had again stepped in and cleared the ground for solid progress.

England was having her troubles and was working through them as she always had. Her colonies had lately assumed, through a conference of ministers held in London, a new and higher status of dominion over themselves which promised great things for the Empire and the world in new leases of that liberty of conscience and action which is the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, although sometimes obscured.

The League of Nations was undoubtedly a going concern after weathering many storms, and was possibly really beginning to express the new spirit of humanity in effective ways. It could not be denied, at least, that it was a recognition of the presence in human life and thinking of a deep desire for peace and concord among nations which would not be put down.

Coming home to America, Mr. Gale went into the Mexican question briefly. Mexico, it seemed to him, was working something out more solid and more dependable and more wholesome for herself and her neighbors than anything she had ever known. Her desire to retain possession of or at least participation in her natural resources ought to be understandable to any one, not holding oil lands in her territory under questionable title. The requirements of the Constitution of 1917 and its enforcement, to which the State Department was taking exception, worked no injustice or hardship in general to those who complied with Mexican regulations and respected Mexican authority. The trouble was apparently that irregular or irresponsible authority during the succession of revolutions which Mexico has emerged from, aroused expectations of bountiful possession in the hearts of some Americans which could hardly be realized when the nation restored itself to law and order. The objections of the State Department to Mexico's alleged interest in the affairs of Nica-

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taugua were rather amusing, coming from a government which had possessed itself of one canal by a coup d'etat and was keeping the location of another under its hands by methods well known to many people in and out of government.

"And what of the United States?" concluded Mr. Gale. "Where do we stand today with ourselves and with the world? Is our intense material prosperity the unmitigated blessing which it seems to be, or shall we find ourselves some day, somewhere, a camel confronting a needle's eye? Is the defiance of our organic law which we condone by toleration a recognition of a claim to 'personal liberty', or is it a lazy, self-indulgent avoidance of responsibility in support of the very fabric upon which our laws are woven and the pattern of our lives is laid? Is the self-congratulation in our foreign relationships—our absence from the League, our stubborn insistence upon payment of debts which economics if not idealism show us cannot be paid, our ignorant or selfish reluctance to lend a helping hand and thought as well as money, the fine contempt which the world holds us in because of what seems to it our failure—is all this, which, as the President says, some Americans fail to recognize as a splendid blessing, a fulfilling of a destiny that should be ours, or is it the state of mind of a happy ostrich with its head buried in the sand? Will the smiling sun of providence continue beneficially to hatch out our eggs, or are winds arising in the four quarters of the earth and in the seven seas which are due to rumple up and disarrange our joyful plumes?"

At the end of the meeting Miss Rosenkrans elected the following editors for the "Human Newspaper":

Editor-in-chief.....	Miss Helen Rosenkrans
Secretary	Miss Helen Judson
International Editor....	Oliver Marble Gale
Art Editor.....	William P. Silva
Finance Editor.....	J. F. Hartley
Dramatic Editor.....	Mrs. A. T. Shand
Science Editor.....	Dr. H. W. Fenner
Charity Editor.....	Miss O. B. Haseltine

A. T. Shand will explain the new law of automobile insurance.

The future meetings of the Forum are to be held bi-monthly at the Pine Inn. The next meeting will be held on January 13.

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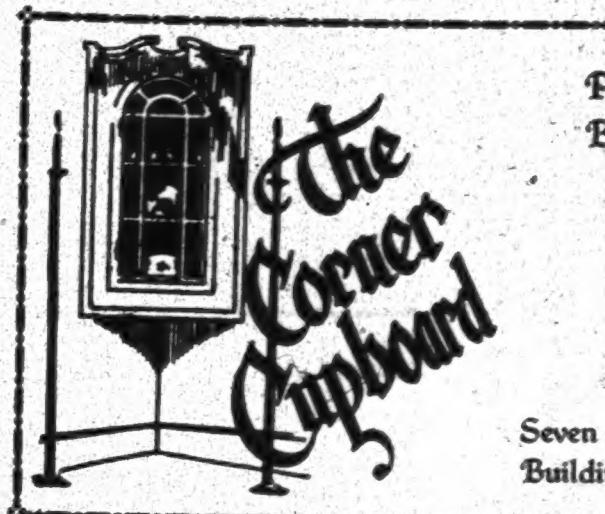
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Pretty Pretty!

N THE San Francisco Examiner, December 12, is the following excerpt concerning the art work in the new Mark Hopkins Hotel:

"The important thing in the art work one at Mark Hopkins was the simultaneous work done by two artists, Maynard Dixon and Henry Van Sloun, on the same pictures. It is said that this is something unique in artistic craftsmanship. For two highly developed artists may cooperate in general designing and mutual counseling, but they usually would not operate together upon the same painting. This expression of co-operative artistry is a new proof of the increase in art value when orchestral work is done, group work in painting as in music."

I would like to canvass the readers of this lot and find out the exact number of so-called knowing people who swallowed it. It is just another example of ridiculous criticism and pretty pretty idea by someone who has not the least comprehension of the difference in the conception of an art form and the manipulation of an art form and the interpretation of such. He or she who wrote it, of course, has to make a living and think up novel things to write about and, of course, the Mark Hopkins Hotel which is just starting its career needed all the press notice possible; but why pick on art and music? Maybe the two artists who cooperated on the painting sold this novel idea to the unsuspecting hotel management. More power to them. Artists have to make money some way. It is such fool bunk as this that the columns of one-horse newspapers are plastered with, incidentally poisoning our already cramped minds. It is not that the artists cooperated—no, cooperation is the basis of business, Rotary clubs and Kiwanis and all these successful organizations. That is perfectly all right, because while one was painting the head of the figure the other could throw on the feet or the tail or whatever it is, thus saving time. Cooperation in painting is best exemplified in house painting, in which case the setting of the paint is so rapid that with several men on the same scaffolding it is easier to arrive at a uniform surface without having the laps show. In this case the group organization is purposeful, arising from necessity, but in an art form it is different (we hope so) and the thematic idea or inspiration or whatever you might call the original conception comes to but one person at a time even in the case of Siamese twins and their like. The manipulation of the original conception or theme can most certainly be tampered with by one who is not the conceiver—that is, this magnificent germ which took root in one person can be manipulated by another if the originator is not man enough or woman enough to place it upon the canvas by himself or herself. In this case their co-operator grabs the conception out of thin air and twists it at will. Judging from the

mass of modern paintings it seems that there is already too much lack of unity and organization without having two people work on the same canvas. It takes a real person and it is a big job and I suppose the dear public will just have to wait for some one to come along that is capable of performing it by himself. But why did the ballyhoo make an analogy between this sideshow chalk talk of two "artists" and an orchestra? The members of the orchestra did not conceive of the theme they are playing and did not even manipulate it. It is certainly hard enough for them even to play it as the conductor wishes them to do.

—B. B.



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